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London, October 12, 1857.

My dear Henry:

I am your debtor to the extent of at least two letters received from you since I left home. Accept my thanks for the same, and be assured that they were read with great interest and pleasure. I meant to have answered ^item long ere this; but while I was in England and Scotland, before going to the Continent, I had my hands full in answering letters and notes that came in from every quarter, and my time otherwise occupied in attending reception meetings, making calls and being called upon, sight-seeing, &c., &c., to say nothing of frequent correspondence with wife and children. On the Continent, after the Anti-Slavery Conference had been held at Paris, I went at once with Fanny and Frank to Switzerland, and there spent a month amidst the grand and glorious scenery of that marvellously mountainous region, throwing off all care and labor, and giving myself completely to recreation — "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." We divided our time chiefly between Interlaken and Lucerne, both charming localities,

full of the sublime, the beautiful, the picturesque. We all enjoyed ourselves to the very brim, making excursions in various directions, ascending high elevations, sailing on the lakes, and critically noticing the habits and customs of the people. My own expectations, though high wrought, were more than exceeded; and I consider myself fortunate in having been permitted to see Switzerland (to say nothing of Paris and the Exposition, Stuttgart, Heidelberg, Frankfort on the Main, Homburg, Mayence, and the romantic Rhine down to Cologne) before called to see "the last of earth." Our excellent friend Richard D. Webb joined us at Paris, and was with us nearly three weeks, leaving us at Lucerne. His company added greatly to our delight, and he was immensely pleased to be with us. His wit and humor were constantly in full play; and being in excellent health, he was able to do his share of the walking and climbing, as though he were a much younger man. As respects curiosity to see and explore whatever is rare and unique, he has it more strongly developed than any person I know of. He

is one of the most childlike (not childish) persons I have ever known. Did we not have much to say about you, and all the other anti-slavery friends across the water, and American affairs generally? And has he forgotten anybody or anything? Since his return to Dublin, he has written to us repeatedly, saying he considers his jaunt a red-letter day in his life, and compliments us all very highly! By sheer good fortune, coming down the Rhine to Cologne, who should we discover on board of our steamer but James H. Webb and his wife, who had been to the Paris Exposition, and had made a quick excursion of it to Switzerland, and were on their way back? You can imagine how delighted we all were. James was looking exceedingly well, and apparently as young as when I last saw him in 1845. Both James and Richard are importunate to have Frank and myself visit Dublin before our return, but we shall not be able to do so. We are booked for home in the Java, which sails from Liverpool on the 25th inst.; and in the mean time I have two meetings to attend in London, two in Birmingham, two in Leeds, one in

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in Manchester in the great Free Trade Hall, and possibly a farewell breakfast at Liverpool. We hope to reach Boston by the 7th of November.

Fanny and Frank went with me to Edinburgh and Glasgow, where we had a most cordial greeting by dear E. P. Nichol and others in the former city, (the Wighams were absent, but I met them at Newcastle,) and by noble Andrew Paton, Catharine, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, William Smeal and family. All inquired affectionately after you; but "wee darling," now a full grown lassie, said she had no recollection of you! That will be hard for you to know. I shall have much to talk over with you when I see you. I have not yet seen dear Thompson since my return to London, but hope to to-morrow. He is to accompany me to Birmingham.

All Europe seems to be in a volcanic condition, and affairs at home look squally. But God reigns, let who will plot mischief and ruin.

Frank sends his love and best wishes.

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Henry C. Wright.